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The Keel Row

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THE
Golden Glove.

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-court,
Seven Dials.

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth we
hear
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.
The time was appointed for the wedding day
A young farmer was appointed to give her away
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamed her heart, O my heart she did cry,
She turn'd from the squire but nothing she said
Instead of being married she took to her bed,
The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind
A way for to have him she quickly did find,
Coat waistcoat & trowsers she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog & her gun.
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell
Because in her heart she did love him full well,
She oftentimes fired, but nothing she kill'd,
At length the young farmer came into the field,
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went
I thought you had been at the wedding she
cry'd

To wait on the squire, and give him his bride;
No sir said the farmer I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her whenever she come
It pleased the lady to find him so bold (mands
She gave him a glove that was flower'd with
gold;

And told him she found it when coming along
As she was a hunting with her dog & her gun
The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove,
And the man that found it & brought it to me
The man that did bring it her husband should be
The farmer was pleased when heard of the
news, a

With a heart full of love to the lady he goes
Dear hon'ored lady I have pick'd up a glove
And hope you will be pleased to grant me
your love

It is already granted I will be your bride,
I love the sweet breath of a farmer she cried,
I'll be mistress of my dairy & milking my cows
While my jolly farmer is whistling at plough,
And when she was married she told of her fun
How she went a hunting with her dog & gun
And now I have got him fast in a snare.



The Keel Row

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials

A S I came through the Cannon-gate,
I heard a lassie sing,
Oh, weel may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in,
He wears a blue bonnet,
with a dimple in his chin.

My love he wears a bonnet,
with two snow white roses on it,
And a dimple in his chin.—weel may, &c.

Charlie thou art my darling,
And so is the bonny shiel,—weel may, &c

My love has breath of roses,
with arms of lily posies,
To roll a lassie in,—weel may, &c.

THE

**Minute-Gun at
S.E.A.**

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coas
The night-watch guards his way
From thoughts of danger free, (post,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm,
The minute-gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,
The life-boat man with a gallant crew
And dare the dangerous wave.
Through the wild surf they cleave their way
Lost in the foam, no more dismay,
For they go to the crew to save.

But Oh! what rapture fills each breast,
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd
Then, landed safe, what joys to tell,
Of all the dangers that betell,
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on the shore,
The minute-gun at sea.